Miſ.Pa. Why your husband woman is coming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman, that he ſaies
Is hid in this houſe: his wifes ſweet-heart.

Miſ.For. Speake louder. But I hope tis not true Miſtris *Page*.

Miſ.Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you haue any heere, away with him, or y'are vndone for euer.

Mi.For. Alaſſe Miſtris *Page*, what ſhall I do?
Heeres a gentleman my Friend, how ſhall I do?

Miſ.Page. Gods body woman, do not ſtand what ſhall I do, and what ſhall I do. Better any ſhift, rather then you ſhamed. Looke here, heere's a Buck-basket, if he be a man of any reaſonable ſize, hee'l in heere.

Miſ.For. Alaſſe, I feare he is to big.

Fal. Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell.

Miſ.Page. Fie ſir *Iohn*, is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come heere more.

Sir Iohn goes into the Basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Prieſt, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heere? Whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.

Miſ.Ford. Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Foord.